

# ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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## MINISTERS' COLUMN.

### Letters on Pastoral Visitation.

#### LETTER 4.

"We earnestly exhort all our preachers to be increasing diligent in pastoral visits to the families of our people; endeavoring to render such visits as profitable as all present, by prayer and by spiritual conversation."—*English Minutes of 1821.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am anxious that the various advice and suggestions which I have ventured to offer you in these letters, should be followed up and supported by the opinions and views of some of the wise and the good who have thought and written upon the subject; and therefore proceed, in this letter, to transcribe a few passages which cannot, I think, fail to be beneficial to you; simply connecting them with a remark here and there of my own, as occasion may require. I am not without hope that this last exercise may be the most profitable, both to the writer and the reader.

And, first, as to the duty of visiting the sick. "If they are overlooked," observes Dr. Morrison, in a valuable little manual, published about twelve years ago, "the humanity of the pastoral character will suffer in the estimate of all shrewd observers; and, O, who can tell if the neglected duty to-day—yes, this very hour—may ever be performed? A pastor whose heart is estranged from the sombre offices of the sick chamber, must have reached a fearful extent in religious declension. Should he know the fact, that one of his flock is seriously indisposed, he ought not to wait for the ceremony of a formal invitation, but should fly like an angel of mercy to the scene. Should the proffered visit of a minister be refused—a thing which will rarely happen—then he is exonerated from all responsibility; and if the individual is cut off, or sinks for ever into hell torments, he has delivered his own soul. But O, what piety, what discrimination, what fidelity, what knowledge of human character, what friendly solicitude, what attention to the state of individual minds, are required in visiting the sick! When he sees an impenitent man agonizing with pain, he is in danger of adopting a style of conversation too soft and winning, to rouse him from the deep slumbers of carnal security. When he discovers great amiableness of disposition, he is in danger of mistaking it for grace. When he finds himself surrounded by anxious and prejudiced relations, he may be tempted to abate in that full announcement of truth upon which, under God, his usefulness depends. And thus, in a variety of ways, he may be diverted from his main object, and may fail to render his visits beneficial to the eternal interests of the afflicted."

Another particular class of persons claiming the special regards of the Christian minister in this way is the poor. "The poor and unlettered," observes the same writer, "constitute a large proportion, not only of a minister's general hearers, but also of the immediate flock of Christ. They have an unquestionable claim—and of the highest order—upon his pastoral sympathies."

\* O, it is impossible to say how much good the enlightened and well-timed visit of a Christian pastor may effect in the cottage of a poor man! Should the rich and refined undervalue the humble endeavors of a Christian pastor to promote their salvation, he will find, at least, a hearty welcome in the cottages of the destitute poor. "Whatever," observes Dr. Dwight, "the minister says, will, at such a time, be realized by the individual as directed to himself, and not to another; as reaching his own peculiar case, and meeting the very difficulties under which he labors; will have all the lively and impressive, the engaging and endearing, nature of conversation; and will therefore be peculiarly listened to, felt, and remembered."

"In the improvement of this intercourse with our people, it might almost be said, that we receive almost as much as we impart. Teachers must be constant learners; and much is learned, consciously or unconsciously, by this system. It is, indeed, at once the seal to the testimony of the preceding Sabbath, and the treasure-house from which the most valuable materials are furnished for our ensuing ministrations."

\* And perhaps there is no better way of filling up subjects of interesting self-application, than an attempt to draw them out familiarly in the course of ministerial visitation, with individual cases to which, in common with our own, they might be adapted. The sermons thus made are of a very different character from those that are thought out, or collected in the study. They are less abstract, but more pointed and experimental. And thus the domestic preaching of the week becomes a most useful auxiliary to our pulpit ministry; the style of which, from its distinct reference to specific cases, acquires a sort of locality that makes it far more interesting in its application."

To these admirable remarks, equally forcible, touching, and practical, no further observations of my own need be added. You will, I trust, in pondering over them, feel afresh enkindled the spirit of your sacred office, and afresh breathe the spirit of personal, ministerial, and entire consecration to the service of God. "Consider these things, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," 1 Tim. iii. 15.

\* In January, 1774," writes the Rev. Thos. Scott, late of Aston Sanford, "two of my parishioners, a man and his wife, lay at the point of death. I had heard of the circumstance; but, according to my general custom, not being sent for, I took no notice of it, till one evening—the woman being now dead, and the man dying—I heard that my neighbor, the Rev. J. Newton, had been several times to visit them. Immediately my conscience reproached me with being shamefully negligent in sitting at home, within a few doors of dying persons, my general hearers, and never going to visit them. Directly it occurred to me, that, whatever cost it might have for Mr. Newton's doctrine, I must acknowledge his practice to be more consistent with the ministerial character than my own. He must have more zeal and love for souls than I had, or he would not have walked so far to visit and supply my lack of care to those who, as far as I was concerned, might have been left to perish in their sins. This reflection affected me so much, that, without delay, and very earnestly, yes, with tears, I besought the Lord to forgive my past neglect; and resolved, henceforth, to be more attentive to this duty."

\* I went immediately to visit the survivor; and the affecting sight of one person already dead, and another expiring, in the same chamber, served more deeply to impress my serious thoughts, so that, from that time, I have constantly visited the sick of my parishes as far as I have opportunity; and have endeavored, to the best of my knowledge, to perform that essential part of a parish minister's duty."

"Bridges on the 'Christian Ministry.'"

WRITE LEGIBLY.—A merchant of Mobile recently wrote a letter of importance to a gentleman in Mississippi, and in due course of mail he received a letter with his own signature cut out and pasted on the back of the envelope, in which the writer stated that he had received his communication, but didn't know who was the writer, nor a word that was written in it, and that his only manner of finding out the author was to cut out the signature and use it as an address, with the hope that the postmaster in Mobile might be able to do more by it than he had.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

MR. EDITOR: If you think this short essay, on the evils of Intemperance, worthy of a place in your excellent paper, you will please, for the accommodation of its numerous readers, give it a place.

For a foundation, see the 29th verse of 23rd chapter of Proverbs: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without a cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" The wise man, Solomon, "Set in order many proverbs; yea, because he was wise, he taught the people knowledge;" and as his proverbs are on record for the instruction of the ignorant, it is well for us to study and examine them well. The fact is, there is not one sentence or passage of Scripture in the volume of inspiration, but that is worthy of a close investigation and examination; and the wise man "Set in order many proverbs," relating to sundry duties, sundry evils, and concerning many things that are done under the sun; and he verily found that the way of the world was nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

But the subject of our discourse is to consider, as briefly as possible, the innumerable evils resulting from the most baneful foe of human bliss that ever was known in any nation. The former occupants or aborigines of this our happy country, never heard of this their present greatest enemy before its introduction by the devil's right-hand inventors, the Europeans.

Milton ascribes the invention of gunpowder to the arch fiend of man; and we may well suppose that the invention of ardent spirits was first suggested by the fiend of the dark abyss, from the fact that he, using ardent spirits as one great destroying, keen-edged sword, has been enabled more fully to carry on his malignant purposes and schemes. But stop; I remarked above, "our happy country." Readers of the Advocate, is it so? Yes, you exclaim, it is a happy country, because here we are enabled to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and none dare hinder or make us afraid. A great blessing, indeed, for no Pope, or any Romish authority, according to the laws of our nation, can deprive us from these blessed privileges. But you may enumerate the blessings resulting from the peculiar constitution of this our government, still there is a woful deficiency among our inhabitants in the partaking and enjoying of these blessings. Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in Askelon. The wayfarer man is robbed of his money, and frequently of his life; the jails and penitentiaries are filled to overflowing; the father ceases in affection to be a father, but is turned to a demon by this dread malady.

Readers of the Advocate, put your shoulders to the wheel, work like men, be strong, and save yourselves and children from this "unward generation." Ask yourselves the question, Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? And who, in the true sense of the word, has redness of eyes? etc. And well may you answer like the wise man: "They that tarry long at the wine: that go to seek mixed wine." But, in order to make it truly applicable to this our day, we would change it a little and say: "They that tarry long at the grocery, where rum, gin, brandy and whisky are kept and drunk in great profusion." Mr. Editor, I am aware of the fact that you are down on Bible revision; but you and the readers of the Advocate must not censure me for thus changing its tenor a little, anyhow; for you know this said, "Stamp improvement on the wings of time," and, therefore, its exact meaning must be in accordance with the improvements of the day, for they have sought out many inventions.

And now, Mr. Editor, I want to know of you what is the best effort that can be done to stop the ravages of this dreadful evil. You are aware that it can not be done by force and arms, by powder and ball; but a general diffusion of knowledge, in my opinion, is indispensable to its accomplishment. It is needless to tell of the incalculable evil brought about by harboring in our midst this detestable foe of human bliss. Suffice it to say, that thirty thousand of our subjects are annually destroyed by it; and it has for the last thirty years annually despoiled our nation of at least one hundred millions of dollars! And further, the manager of the State Prison of New York confidently says: "Nine-tenths of all the prisoners under my care, were brought directly or indirectly to their present condition through the influence of intoxicating liquors."

And the same author further says: "That many have confessed to me, with tears, that they never felt tempted to the perpetration of crime, but when under the influence of intoxicating liquors; and the sum of all their experience was, that by tasting a little now and then they became drunkards; that when they became drunkards they frequented every place of vice, the gaming table, the drinking saloon, and feared not to take in vain God's holy name, nor to desecrate his holy day, until they grew so vile and bold they feared not to slay or murder their fellow-man."

O intemperance! intemperance!! May I not exclaim with the author of the Life of Francis Marion:

"O brandy, brandy, base of life,  
Spring of tumult, source of strife,  
Could it but half thy curses tell,  
The wise would wish thee safe in hell."

But, Mr. Editor, Satan is in the so-called Eden in this place, and not a few, I tell you, are moderate drinkers; and you need not go to the world, as it is generally termed, to find dram-drinkers. Is it possible? Yes; but see the example that is set before the young and rising generation. I long to see the day when temperance and sobriety shall universally reign, especially in the so-called Eden; when every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, shall bow beneath the mild scepter of the Prince Emmanuel. But the miseries of the vice of intemperance, that frequent the groceries of this place, calls for our heart-felt sympathy and assistance.

Readers of the Advocate, Who is it that hath sorrows? Who is it that hath contentions? Who hath redness of eyes? Yea, who is it that hath wounds without a cause?

Mr. Editor, if you are willing, you may expect more on this subject. C. J. T.

Trenton, Mo., August 8, 1858.

The following has been pronounced the most beautiful sonnet in our language.—EDITOR:

#### Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;  
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,  
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill.  
And echo answers softer from the hill,  
And softer sighs the linnets from the thorn—  
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill,  
Hail! hark serene: hail! sacred Sabbath morn.  
The rocks lie silent by in dry drows;  
The sun is placid, yet low lustre shows:  
The gales that lately sighed along the groves  
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;  
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;  
So smil'd the day when first the morn arose.

#### Stop Grumbling.

If all the grumblers in the world were summoned together by some thundering Calliope, what an army there would be. Since the days of Xerxes, nothing in number could compare with such a host. The late financial troubles have furnished all the recruits necessary, or that could be desired to keep the "regular army" complete. You find grumblers everywhere, as thick as the frogs of Egypt. No trade, calling, or profession, is free from them. Now we have a word to say to such men, and we hope they will not grumble at us for so doing. Let us describe them:

Grumblers are usually a very lazy set. Having no disposition to work themselves, they spend their time in whining and complaining about their own affairs and those of their neighbors.

Grumblers are usually a year behind the age, and therefore when they undertake an enterprise, they will find themselves so far down stream that all the winds and tides of sympathy so necessary to success are against them.

Grumblers are usually very independent—"caring nothing for nobody." Determining to "go it blind," they find "a wide berth" and a "hard road to travel" wherever their footsteps lead them.

Grumblers are easily scared. They always see double. A lion is in the way, sure—no mistake about it. There is always "something going to happen." "Look out for breakers!" is the great refrain of their every-day song.

Grumblers have a most capacious appetite for favors, as well as food, and are therefore always on hand and "just in time" to accept the "gift of a very particular friend." Their favorite motto is, "small favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

Grumblers are always very jealous of their "character and influence in society," and generally "quite as good as anybody." They should, therefore, be treated with great consideration.

Grumblers are usually long-lived, in the opinion of their friends, and should therefore be cured of their disease as soon as possible.

Now, in order to prevent another financial crisis, and sundry other terrible events, too numerous to mention, we wish to give a little advice to our fellow-citizens of the whole grumbling fraternity:

- 1st. Stop grumbling.
- 2d. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something outside of your regular profession.
- 3d. Stop grumbling.
- 4th. Mind your own business, and with all your might—let other people alone.
- 5th. Stop grumbling.
- 6th. Live within your means. Sell your horse. Give away or kill your dogs. Smoke your cigars through an air-tight stove. Eat with moderation, and go to bed early.
- 7th. Stop grumbling.
- 8th. Talk less of your peculiar friends and neighbors, and more of those of your friends and neighbors.
- 9th. Stop grumbling.
- 10th. Do all you can to make other people happy. Be cheerful. Bend your neck and back more frequently when you pass those outside of the "select circles." Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you wish to see in others. Be a good man, a true Christian, and then you can't help—*finally* to
- 11th. Stop grumbling.—Independent.

TEXAS.—State pride is a common and noble feeling; and a reasonable degree of this sentiment is to be found among the citizens of all the States; but it does occur to us, that the fact of being a citizen of Texas, furnishes great grounds for us to felicitate ourselves. We have 70,000,000 acres of land owned by individuals, worth at low figures \$140,000,000. We have 100,000,000 acres of public domain. Our real estate increases at the rate of 25 per cent. annually. Our voting population increases at about the rate of 25 per cent. per annum. We have about 140 organized counties, and territory for near 140 more. Each county contains 900 square miles, and in many instances double that amount. We have a special School Fund of \$13,000,000. Added to this each county has four leagues of land, or 17,762 acres, which, at an average of \$3 per acre, is \$53,256, and counting 140 counties, is \$7,455,840. Add to this \$3,000,000 Special Fund, and we have \$10,455,840. To this we have to add 10 per cent. of annual revenue to the State. Nor is this all, this fund is daily increasing in magnitude under the several laws passed by the last Legislature for disposing of our public domain.

We have in embryo, a State University, with an endowment fund exceeding anything of the kind in the Union.

Our railroad enterprises are progressing with a rapidity that confidently promises the completion of at least 100 miles per annum of finished road, which, in ten years, will give us as many miles of finished railroad as Georgia, and in ten additional years we will far outstrip any other of the Southern States.

These facts, together with the additional one, that we are clear of all debt, presents a condition of affairs that must challenge the attention of the Union, and make every citizen of Texas feel proud of his State.—*Bastrop Advertiser.*

THE GOSPEL NO ILLUSION.—It is in vain, says Rogers, to tell men the Gospel is an illusion. Every variety of experience proves it to be inveterate. At the feet of Christ guilty humanity, of divers races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "that peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have indeed him with veneration, love and gratitude, which will never be paid to any other name than his.

### Last Days of the Rev. Dr. Bunting.

We are informed that nearly twelve months ago, when Dr. Bunting was suffering from increasing infirmities and severe pain, and was apprehensive that he could not long survive, he expressed himself to a friend to the effect that his prayer to God was that his "life of mercy might be crowned," he would not say "with triumph," but "with a peaceful end," that like Charles Wesley he wished, now that he was old and feeble, to "catch a look" from Christ, "and drop into eternity." His prayer was heard; his wish was fulfilled. The evening of his life was calm and peaceful, and his mental preceptions being unclouded, "his sun went down while it was yet day." It was a doctrine of one of his sermons that all true prayers were answered, sooner or later; and as an illustration of it he would allude to the unexpected amount of peace and comfort which many timid and weak Christians have experienced in their dying hour. "The prayers of a whole life," he would say, "are answered at once." He did not presume to dictate what should be the circumstances and manner of his own death. He left all that to the supremely wise and holy will of God. And it pleased God that death to him should have no terrors, no sting. He died full of days; in a good old age; honored and loved by more than one-half of Protestant Christendom; assuring the friends who visited him and prayed with him, that "he was in the hands of God," that "he had peace," that "he was resting on the great atonement." His mind was much occupied and comforted toward the close of life by views of Christ as exalted and glorified in his character of High Priest at the right hand of God, making intercession for us. As long as he had the power to utter a word, his responses to the prayers which were offered up at his bedside were fervent and devout. Many blessings were pronounced upon him by those among his visitors who had been honored by his friendship and had profited by his ministry, to which he responded by blessings in return. During the last few days of his life, Mrs. Bunting, or his daughter, Miss Bunting, had to catch his faint expressions by placing the ear to his lips. To one visitor, he said: "I am glad to hear your voice again." In reference to the family of another visitor, he said: "May God bless them and theirs." When told that a friend of his, living a few miles distant from London, was dangerously ill, he said with much feeling, gently moving his head on the pillow: "If I were not in these circumstances I would go and see him. Give him my love." The Sunday before he died, a special prayer was offered on his behalf in the Liverpool-Road Chapel, by the Rev. John Hartley. When he was told of it, he was evidently gratified, and attempted to make a reply, but was not able to utter the words intelligibly. To his kind and indefatigable medical attendant, Mr. J. H. Buxton, of Islington, he said, with difficulty, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Perhaps he remembered that that beautiful passage had been selected by the Rev. Thos. Jackson, of Richmond, as the text for the funeral sermon, which he delivered in the City-Road Chapel, in memory of his late dear friend and fellow-laborer and cotemporary, the Rev. Dr. Newton. When the power of speech entirely failed, he still moved his hand in token of recognition, when any friend was announced to him; and within a few hours of his death, he appeared, by the same slight movement, to indicate that he understood the voice of sympathy and prayer.

When he became too feeble to afford even this slight token of consciousness, it was edifying to witness the constant attention of every member of his family and household to every arrangement that could minister to his comfort, and to hear his son, Rev. W. M. Bunting, with untiring filial piety, uttering to him words of affection and counsel and encouragement. He assumed that his father was still conscious and sensible of outward things; if he was so, there was a very short interval between his hearing the words of Divine promise whispered to him by his son on earth, and his enjoyment of their full and perfect meaning in the immediate heavenly presence of the Savior he had loved and served throughout a long life. To the last moment he appeared to retain the state of mind which he professed a few days before his death. A friend said to him: "If I may judge from the expression of your face, your mind is peaceful and free from any cause of trouble or anxiety." He replied: "That is an exact description of my state of mind." It was as though he had heard the Savior's words: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—*Watchman.*

NO GETTING AWAY FROM PRAYERS.—In a town near Portland, some years since, an irreligious and profane young man became united in marriage to a young woman whose father was a devout and consistent Christian. The young couple either resided with or in the vicinity of the wife's father, so that the young man was frequently brought in contact with his father-in-law. This soon became disagreeable to him. The godly example, which was a continued reproof, the occasional word of exhortation, and the prayers to which he was sometimes obliged to listen, excited in his heart such disgust, that he determined to leave the place. He proposed to his wife that they should remove to the eastern part of the State, assigning as one reason for the step, that he wished "to get away from her old orthodox father." To which the wife replied, "You may go from him, but you can't away from his prayers."

They left the place and settled in a town some distance eastward; but the wife's remark had made an ineffaceable impression on the husband's mind. He had indeed separated himself from the society of his father-in-law, but he felt that he could not get away from his prayers. He knew that those prayers were daily ascending to heaven for blessings upon him, and especially for his salvation. The thought haunted him for years. He could not get rid of it. At last, in connection with other influences, it was the means of bringing him to offer prayer for himself. He became a believer, and has since died in the Christian hope.—*Zion's Advocate.*

Punch says Louis Napoleon has directed the re-vaccination of his whole army. Perhaps Mr. Tom Doncombe—in his hatred of vaccination—will consider that this accounts for the virus displayed by the French army against England. At any rate, it is a very wise piece of Jenner-alship.

ERROR.—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

### Just and the Justifier.

A WORD TO AWAKENED SOULS.

As long as the Holy Spirit is graciously working in the midst of you, strive to enter in at the straight gate; and, having entered, press on with all diligence in the narrow way. Now is "the day" of your gracious visitation. God has been mercifully pleased to condescend to awaken slumbering consciences, and to enlighten your darkened minds. He might have passed you by, and left you to walk on in your ungodly course until you reached the "dark mountains," and were precipitated over the rocks of sin into a lost eternity. Well may you say, what are we, that God, the mighty God, who made heaven and earth, should think on us, and send down the Holy Spirit to show us his glory—yea, to show us him "who is the brightness of his glory?" Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, that we are not in hell! We have sinned in our Father Adam, we have sinned in our own person, we have sinned individually, we have sinned together. We have been carrying about with us hearts that were at "enmity against God," and full of sin. We have lived as if God were not holy, as if the glorious gospel were a fable, as if sin were a trifle, as if eternity were an *unreal*, and heaven and hell mere dreams. And yet we have been spared! O, how great has been the forbearance of our God! He has not only spared us, but awakened us to our dangerous condition as lost sinners; and has raised up his Son Jesus, and sent him to bless us, by turning every one of us away from our iniquities. O, how wonderful is the love of God! He loved our souls and sent Jesus to die for our sins! How holy he is, as well as merciful! We see it now in his beloved Son; "for he made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." We see the infinite righteousness of God manifested in the substitution and death of Jesus. And now we have confidence to come to God, pleading the merits of our Surety; for "he himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree," and now we obtain forgiveness and a righteous restoration to Jehovah's favor and love. Jehovah said, "Awake, O sword," (emblem of justice,) "against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd." And Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, was smitten in order that the holy God might be able to teach us the way of "being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God: \* \* \* that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." O, how striking is the expression, "Just and Justifier!" How holy is our God, even when he justifies the "ungodly!" How blessed to know that God is "just to forgive us our sins!" Nothing could satisfy my enlightened conscience but that which satisfies my holy Father! But as he is satisfied with the blood-shedding of Jesus on my behalf, I also am satisfied; and God looks upon me as clothed in Jesus' righteousness, and pronounces me as just, as if I had never committed a single sin. Jesus took my sins and gave me his righteousness. O, wondrous exchange! "He gave himself for our sins."—*Brit. Mess.*

A SAFE PLACE.—There is hope for a church member so long as he is in the Sabbath school. Sabbath school members are the prayer meeting members, and they are the bone and sinew of the Church—the Aarons and Hurs of the tribe. You seldom, if ever, hear a regular Sabbath school teacher making shipwreck of the faith. Men join the Church. They are never seen in the Sabbath school, or the prayer meeting. In a short time they complain that they do not feel at home; they know no one in the Church; and the pastor hardly speaks to them, etc., and they must go somewhere else. The fault is their own. They have stood aloof from those places where acquaintances are formed. They have constituted themselves honorary members; therefore, ordinary members; consequently, useless members. If I were asked by a young Christian, what he ought to do in order to resist temptation, enjoy his religion, and make himself useful, I would say, go into the Sabbath school, either as a teacher or a scholar, and stay there until you are providentially prevented from going. If I were asked by an old Christian, troubled with doubts and fears, how to get rid of them, I would say to him, go into the Sabbath school, and tell others what you know about Christ and his blessed word, and it shall be true to you, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." If I were asked by a young man, what he should do in order to become a successful minister of Jesus Christ, I would reply: let your first effort, after taking charge of a church, be to secure a flourishing Sabbath school; and if the presence of a hundred or more of young hearts every Sabbath does not make you eloquent and useful, then you are a hard, and rather a hopeless case.

I pity the man who is afflicted with a Church without a Sabbath school—where either there are no children to form one, or not piety enough in the members to sustain one. Half of its supplies are thus cut off, and the right arm of his strength is broken. He is a subject for the deepest sympathy of his brethren. There may be a church without a bishop, and it may flourish, too; but may the Lord in his mercy deliver me from a church without a Sabbath school. The absence of Sabbath schools is the chief reason of so many feeble churches and inefficient ministers.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.—We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection: "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honor and power, to tempt the restless aspirations of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."—*Dr. Tyng.*

OPPOSITION.—When we have done our utmost, there will still be opposition against vital religion.—*Edwards.*

A WRONG CONSCIENCE.—We never do evil so thoroughly and cordially as when we are led to it by a false principle of conscience.—*Pascal.*

REPENTANCE.—Repentance is the key that unlocks the gate wherein sin keeps man a prisoner. It is the aqua-vite to fetch again to itself the fainting soul.—*Falham.*

### From the New York Independent.

#### Use of Tobacco—The Cure.]

I chewed and smoked alternately from college life to the age of thirty-six, with an interval of abstinence for a few years, between twenty-four and thirty. But for more than thirty years past, I have abstained entirely, and no man loathes the different modes of using this noxious and filthy weed more than I do. Now, as to my method of cure, which I am constantly relating for the benefit of others. During the few years' interval of abstinence above named, I applied no remedy for my vitiated appetite but a strong resolution, and, not being *cured*, I returned, by the advice of a physician, to my evil habit. My second season of abstinence, which continues, and will, I firmly trust, be for the residue of my life, came in this way: Standing at my study window one warm day, I threw the tobacco I had in my pocket out of the window, and have never used a morsel since. I immediately adopted a hydro-pathic method of cure, which I recommend to all smokers and chewers.

I had a deep well of very cool water, and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, I *was cured*; and from that time to this have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence. I am glad that Dr. S. H. Cox has spoken out on this subject. I give my experience to encourage ministers and all others who use tobacco to try the "water cure." CLERICUS.

"TELL ME AGAIN."—A poor caffer had heard a missionary speak of the "wrath to come," though he did not understand the meaning of it. He came into the colony, was brought to the missionary, explained his anguish, and asked what he must do.

Mr. Hood preached to him the Savior. He listened with eagerness, and stood trembling, and said, "Sir, I am old and stupid; tell me again." And being told again, the tears rolled down the sallow cheek of this man of noble and athletic frame, and he confessed his wonder at the love of God, and the compassion of the Savior.

He resolved to come and live near the missionary, that he might hear again and again the glad tidings. The little space in the village was, however, already occupied, and as he had acquired property, and that property was cattle, there would be no room to graze them.

He told his difficulty to the missionary, and added, "I am a caffer, and I love my cattle; but I'll part with the last one I have, if that stands in the way of coming to hear the Word!" He had found the pearl of great price, and he would part with all he had to procure it. The missionary arranged matters for him, and he now resides on the spot, a consistent, devoted Christian.—*Moravian.*

TWO BOOKS.—It has been said that the life of any man truly written would be an interesting book. Each one would certainly take an interest in such a record of his own life. Have you ever thought that there is such a book of your own life written? There is—there are two copies extant. One is written in God's book of remembrance, Rev. xii, 12; the other in your own memory, Jer. xvii, 1: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; it is graven upon the table of their heart." What shall be done with these books?

There is a day of publication appointed, Rom. ii, 5. Then the actions and omissions, the words and all thoughts shall be revealed. The question has been asked, Shall the sins of penitent believers then be punished? If they are, it will be only to illustrate the marvellous grace of God in their forgiveness.

We are taught that the record of our sins may be blotted out; each copy, if not suppressed, so disposed of as never to be quoted against us; the conscience purged, Heb. ix, 14; the justice of God satisfied, Rom. 2, 26. If you have not a good hope that your sins are thus cancelled, be persuaded without delay to confess them to God and seek their remission through the blood of Jesus Christ. Better be convicted of them now when pardon may be secured, than in that day when the wicked shall be convinced of "all their ungodly deeds," and of "all their hard speeches," Jude xv.—*Am. Pres.*

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NEW YORK.—Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, of June, has, on page 27, a "Time Indicator," which shows the difference of time between various cities in the United States. When it is twelve o'clock in New York, it is

At Boston, Mass.....	12 minutes past 12
At Portland, Me.....	16 minutes past 12
At Baltimore, Pa.....	55 minutes past 11
At Baltimore, Md.....	50 minutes past 11
At Richmond, Va.....	46 minutes past 11
At Buffalo, N. Y.....	40 minutes past 11
At Charleston, S. C.....	36 minutes past 11
At Pittsburgh, Pa.....	35 minutes past 11
At Wheeling, Va.....	34 minutes past 11
At Cleveland, O.....	30 minutes past 11
At Augusta, Ga.....	30 minutes past 11
At Detroit, Mich.....	24 minutes past 11
At Columbus, O.....	24 minutes past 11
At Cincinnati, O.....	20 minutes past 11
At Indianapolis, Ind.....	14 minutes past 11
At Louisville, Ky.....	14 minutes past 11
At Chicago, Ill.....	11 minutes past 11
At New Orleans, La.....	65 minutes past 10
At St. Louis, Mo.....	55 minutes past 10
At St. Paul, Min.....	44 minutes past 10

GROWTH OF CITIES.—During the first hundred years after the settlement of Boston (1630) she was the largest city of the colonies. New York became as populous as Boston just before the Revolutionary war; New York became as populous as Philadelphia, each containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, in 1811. Baltimore overtook Boston about 1800. The principal new cities grew up to the number of ten thousand, nearly as follows: Pittsburgh, in sixty-five years; Louisville, fifty years; Cincinnati, twenty-two years; Cleveland, forty years; Detroit, forty-five years; New Albany, thirty-five years; Chicago, twelve years; and Milwaukee, ten years. The above named cities attained to twenty thousand, in the number of years from their birth, as follows: Boston, one hundred and sixty-three; Albany, two hundred and twenty; New York, one hundred and fifty; Philadelphia, eighty; New Orleans, one hundred and thirteen; Baltimore, about eighty; Pittsburgh, seventy-five; Louisville,